

Here's a confession  
I need my impression  
For my profession  
And I don't know the answer  
The enhancer  
Each composition  
Gives recognition  
Kills my ambition  
And I've just got this feeling  
It's revealing  
And rotator runs free-wheeling

Rotator, you can't beat me  
Rotator, take it easy  
Rotator, you can't bring me down  
But you need me more and more  
In your round

All my illusion  
Turns to confusion  
In case of revolution  
Ill be first in the line  
If they don't mind  
So give me information  
'bout a destination  
away from desperation  
'cause I've just got this feeling  
it's revealing  
and rotator runs free-wheeling

Rotator, you can't beat me  
Rotator, take it easy  
Rotator, you can't bring me down  
But you need me more and more  
In your round